



Roberta Diane Hill

June 19, 1956 - January 11, 2025

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

NT

“ I am shocked and sadden to hear this news. I was planning to come to San Diego and surprise her. I would think that with her personality, she would tell the devil to F@@K off as she would tell me that she's only half evil because her favorite number is 333. She was so mean to me when I first met her but somewhere along the line, I melted her heart. I was like a brother she never had and wanted. She even gave me a girl name (Becky) just to throw her boyfriend off, so he won't be jealous. I am kicking myself for not being in touch. Can someone please tell me where she is buried. I know that this is some time ago, but I hope that someone monitors this. I talked to TAPS daughter; Amanda and she updated me. I want to go and tell her to forgive me for being such a lousy brother.

New Thanyachareon - June 04 at 09:33 AM

“ Anyone who knew her would admit that Bobbi Hill had a dark and sarcastic sense of humor. It was one of our shared bonds that I loved the most. We might have bantered back and forth, but I always recognized that she was a master and I was just a novice. She once stared at me through squinted eyes as she took a long drag from her cigarette and asked, “why do you continually lie to me?” Trapped, I replied, “Uhh, mostly for the practice.” She burst into laughter, “well, yeah...”

Bobbi knew how to stir things up. At a party one-night, Bobbi and my ex-wife were in rare form, competing to see who could mix things up the most. Telling stories, encouraging people to eat food off of my plate, and the like – they were like little, chaotic embers, leaving spot fires of turmoil in their wake. The following day, Bobbi clapped her hands and laughed, “It was so much fun watching you last night - running around putting out the fires we started. You were like a little fireman!” Yeah, so much fun...

It’s been said before, but it deserves mention again, Bobbi loved animals. Being around her sometimes was like being in a weird Disney film. I’m sure the tub of bird seed she kept in the back room had nothing to do with it, but when the door to Bobbi’s office opened, animals would scamper out of the ice plant, birds would flutter down from the trees, and ground squirrels would form a line and sit up on their hind legs. It was as if the soundtrack was about to begin and Bobbi would burst into song - Snow White with a cigarette hanging from the corner of her mouth. I can’t be positive, but I am sure that I heard the ground squirrels talking about choreography.

Bobbi tried to look tough and prickly, but she was vulnerably soft and considerate. She cared for the sorrows of people she never met and worried about injustice in all of its forms. I once said “Bobbi, you’re a hard woman - like a soft, sweet marshmallow, with a hard, crunchy armor of dark chocolate - hard.” She squinted at me and growled, “shu’d up!” She might not admit it, but she knew it was

true. It was one of the things I loved the most about her.

I count Bobbi being my friend as one of the great joys of my life. I will miss her sense of humor, her irreverence, and our long talks over the phone. The world doesn't seem as bright and funny today as it once did. Thank you, Bobbi, for everything...

John Golda - February 13, 2025 at 04:40 PM

TA

“ *"This one time, at band camp" - I can still hear Bobbi chiming this as she would stride down the hallway of the Admin Building at Cabrillo National Monument. I worked there for 27 years and Bobbi was a steadfast presence from my first day there to my last. Her humor, her smile, her laugh, her huge heart and generosity were her gifts to those of us in her orbit, as well as her super-intelligence - she was truly the smartest and most quick-witted person I've ever known. She was that rare soul who befriended everyone - especially the bunnies and squirrels and birds that flocked around the door to her office! My condolences to Bobbi's family. The world was a better place with her in it - and Heaven is now infinitely more fun.*

TAPS - February 05, 2025 at 10:03 PM

KE

“ *Bobbi and I knew each other for 45 years so there are hundreds of memories and I've been having a hard time thinking of one I could share. The best ones are secrets 🤐
Bobbi was the most generous person I've known, her love for animals was huge, she laughed and cried easily, and was always there for me. I will miss her every day.*

Karen Eccles - January 27, 2025 at 03:57 PM

AN

“ First, I want to extend my deepest condolences to Bobbi’s friends and family.

I loved Bobbi for her big heart and hearty laugh. She was a person I could call at any time and trust she would pick up. I could talk to her about anything, and she would understand. She made me laugh. My first memory of her is at Cabrillo National Monument, over 30 years ago, where we both worked. I thought of her as Snow White, because of all the woodland creatures that surrounded her. She loved all animals, especially her cats. Over the years, I could count on her to house sit and watch my dog.

Once I got to know her better, we enjoyed a few road trips together. The most memorable one was to Laughlin. Bobbi was talking about how she could only get her favorite underwear from Walmart, so anytime a Walmart truck would pass by, we would roll the windows down and shout “Do you have Bobbi’s underwear?” To this day, I still can’t pass a Walmart truck without thinking of Bobbi’s underwear!

Over the years, we have gotten much closer and enjoyed going to casinos or eating out. We had an annual tradition of sitting outside my home and handing out Halloween candy. Sometimes she would stay at my house, and we would binge watch series like Grace and Frankie and roll around laughing together. It was because of this show that she coined the nicknames for my husband and I, The Yam Man and The Yam Ma’am. I will always think of my husband as my Yam Man now and smile.

Anyone who really knows Bobbi knows that her other love was Keanu Reeves. After she passed, I watched one of his movies in her memory.

Bobbi brought love and laughter to so many. I feel very fortunate to be counted as one of her friends. My life is much richer for having known her.

Anna - January 22, 2025 at 05:32 PM